¶ The sayinges or prouerbes of king Salomon/ with the answers of Marcolphus/ trãslated out of frenche in to englysshe.

Phot of 31857

¶ Salomon.

He that wyll measure
Of all the sees the water
Is nat very sage.

¶ Marcolphus.

¶ He that holdeth in his honde
The kaythe of an hoze/as a good bonde
He is full of rage.

¶ Salomon.

¶ Caste a stone at an ape
Oz a staffe/ if that he scape
The moze wyll he mowe and moyle.

¶ Marcolphus.

¶ Gyue to a hooze her askynge
Outher late oz in the moznynge
The moze she wyll you dispoyle.

¶ Salomon.

¶ A house that in euery cozners
Letteth in wynde/sone burneth clere
Whan fyze therin taketh.

¶ Marcolph.

¶ A hooze that is gay
Is redy nowe and alway
Whan that she money seth.

¶ Salomon.

¶ Who so euer hath syckneste
Is very ioyfull I geste
Whan he with lyfe dothe scape.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that a hooze byleueth
Nothynge with hym abydeth
Nouther mantell noz cape.

¶ Salomon.

¶ No man ſhall knowe or marke
A coler in the darke
Paynted on a ſpoone.

¶ Marcol.

¶ Nor a preuy hooze
Taken ſhall be at any houre
In doynge/by nyght or noone.

¶ Salomon.

¶ A conye hym ſelfe hydeth
And depely he ofte dyggeth
yet at laſt is he take.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hooze ſo moche plucketh
A man/and on hym laugheth
That ſhe hym maketh leane as a rake.

¶ Salomon.

¶ At a Quen mouthe/that is hot
That thynketh yerbes ſhuld growe for the pot
Of trouth he is begyled.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that withouten fayle
Putteth his hande to a hozes tayle
Shall haue it ſoone defyled

¶ Salomon.

¶ Charge vpon a beeſt
Woney or leade in a cheſt
Whether/they nothyng care.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hooze taketh no kepe
What man on her dothe leape
All is to her one fare.

¶ Salomon.

¶ A hoꝛle that his bꝛydell hath on
He is redy anon
Foꝛ to go on his waye.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hooꝛe clothed gayly
Is soone made redy
To begyn her ioye.

¶ Salomon.

¶ He that in his houle as lefe
Cheryſſheth a thefe
Shall receyue great domage.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that an hooꝛe kepeth to honoure
At thende he ſhall wepe and loure
Whan he knoweth her vſage.

¶ Salomon.

¶ A man ſo longe may chaſe
Thꝛough woddes and playne pertaſe
That at laſt he ſhall be wery.

¶ Marcol.

¶ Many a hooꝛe oft clotheth
And bꝛede to her gyueth
That with other ſhe is moꝛe mery.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The oꝛe of the villayne
His bꝛede dothe often gayne
Wherwith he lyueth here.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He boſteth hym ſelfe in bayne
That thynketh a hooꝛe certayne
To ilee with his gere.

¶ Salomon.

¶ He that to a dogge layth haue
He wyll anone his tayle waue
And than he hym fawneth.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that to a hooze layth holde
She byddeth hym be bolde
All is redy that he cõmaundeth

¶ Salomon.

¶ Men accompte them as wyle as fooles
That the burnynge coles
In their bolomes wyll hyde.

¶ Marcol.

¶ Foz a foole he is tolde
That wasteth all his golde
To clothe a hoozes lyde.

¶ Salomon.

¶ Stockfyllhe is of valewe none
Except it be trewly layde vpon
And often tourned and beaten

¶ Marcol.

¶ A rybaude she is lost
Jf she be nat well beate and tost
And vnder fote troden.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The ape is a beest lothsom
And of a counterfayte fashyon
Jt hath so shozte a tayle

¶ Marcol.

¶ So counterfayte is none parde
But by money haue shall he
Of a hooze his wyll without fayle.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The lyteil cockerell
Eateth his meate well
In crowynge he nedeth no scole.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hooze her selfe clotheth
And also she fedeth
With the money of a foole.

¶ Salomon.

¶ An asse in close kept fast
Ryseth vp in haste
Whan he seeth pasture.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that a hooze foz hym selfe kepeth
She often another in his sted taketh
Whan his money no lenger wyll endure.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The thozne in a hedge taketh
And the woll of plucketh
Of shepe and of mottons.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hooze plucketh away
The money day by day
Of all maner companyons.

¶ Salomon.

¶ Moztalyte and great warre
Be eryled farre
Fro all maner of men.

¶ Marcol.

¶ Foz a hooze all myschefe
Moztalyte/warre and great grefe
Cõmeth soone agayne.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The fawcon is well loued
And of the fawconer well reclaymed
By his gentle deporte.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He that a hoore wyll leade
Thorough the sees/in tyme of nede
Shall neuer haue good porte.

¶ Salomon.

¶ He is a fole without fayle
And leseth his trauayle
That layeth a fox to slepe.

¶ Marcol.

¶ He is more foole for certayne
That perceyueth a hoore wolde parte fayne
And seketh meanes her styll to kepe.

¶ Salomon.

¶ The fowler there his net layeth
Where as he comonly seeth
Byrdes fede and rest.

¶ Marcol.

¶ A hoore foloweth that waye
Where as she seeth a pray
Of Rybawdes a great nest.

¶ Finis.

Cum priuilegio.

¶ Imprinted at London in flete strete by Rycharde Pynson: And be for to sell at ẏ signe of saynt Johñ Euangelyst in saynt Martyns parysshe/besyde Charynge crosse.

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